So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
A slakie darkneſse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloody ſtrokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayd thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred friends ſhould dwell vpon
God giue leiſure of theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.
*Rich*, Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow:
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more goodnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen. *Exeunt*
O thou whoſe captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with heauy fall,
The vſurping helmet of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſticement:
That we may praiſe thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill,

*Enter the ghoſt of Prince Edward, ſonne to Henry the 6,*
*Ghoſt to* K. *Ric.* Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: diſpaire and dye.
To *Rich.* Be chearefull *Richmond*, for the wronged ſoules

Of



Of butchered Princes fight i
King *Henries* iſſue *Richmon*
*Enter the Ghoſt of*
*Ghoſt to* K. *Richard.* When
By thee was punched full of
Thinke on the Tower, and me
*Harry* the ſixt bids thee deſp
*To Rich.* Vertuous and holy
*Harry* that Propheſied thou
Doth comfort thee in thy ſle
*Enter the Ghoſt*
*Ghoſt.* Let me ſit heauy on
That was waſht to death w
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile
To morrow in the battell
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſwor
*To Rich.* Thou off ſpring of
The wronged heires of *York*
Good Angels guard thy bat
*Enter the Ghoſt of Ri*
*Rio.* Let me ſit heauy on
*Riuers*, that died at *Pomfret*
*Gray.* Thinke vpon *Gray*,
*Vaugh.* Thinke vpon *Vaug*
Let fall thy launce, deſpaire
All to *Rich.* Awake and thi
Will conquer him, awake a
*Enter the Ghoſt of*
*Ghoſt.* Bloody and guilty;
And in a bloody battell end
Thinke on Lord *Haſtings*
*To Rich.* Quiet vntrouble
Arme, fight and conquer fo
*Enter the Ghoſt of*
*Ghoſt.* Dreame on, thy cou
Let vs be layd within thy
And Weigh thee downe t
Thy Nephews ſoules bid th
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond*

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